

Researching The Effectiveness Of Giant Horse Girl Snuggles

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Researching The Effectiveness Of Giant Horse Girl Snuggles

by [Bordementions](#)

Summary

Who wants tachy reader yuri snuggles

Notes

Tachyonnnnnnnnnnn

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The sound of your shoes was an angry, impotent slap against the floor of the dormitory hallway. Each step echoed in the cavernous space, a testament to how utterly by yourself you were in your fit of irritation. The ceilings here were annoyingly high, the doorways were framed for people who could look you in the eye without even trying, and every fixture felt just a little too large.

Agnes Tachyon.

The name ricocheted around your skull. Not a call. Not a text. Not so much as a carrier pigeon sent to inform you that she would be completely, utterly absent from the entire day's training regimen. You had stood there on the track, stopwatch in hand, feeling the minutes tick by and your credibility with them. First you were annoyed, then you were angry, and now, hours later, as dusk began to bleed purple and orange through the massive windows, a cold knot of worry had twisted itself tight in your stomach. It wasn't the first time she'd prioritized her research over, say, the entire reason she was enrolled in Tracen Academy, but the radio silence was new. It was unsettling.

Your fist was clenched so tightly your knuckles were white by the time you reached her door. You didn't hesitate, rapping sharply a couple times. The sound was swallowed by the heavy wood.

"Tachyon?" you called out, your voice sharper than you intended. "It's me. Open the door."

Nothing. Only the faint, distant hum of what sounded like... a server farm? A particle accelerator? With her, you could never be sure.

The silence that answered was absolute, broken only by the distant hum of the building's ventilation. You knocked again, harder this time, the sound booming unnaturally. Still nothing. The worry was beginning to eat away at the left over anger entirely, leaving you feeling mostly hollow. Was she hurt?

You fumbled in your jacket pocket, your fingers closing around the small weight of the staff key. You hated using it. It felt like a violation, a complete failure on your part to command even a baseline level of respect.

But right now, you didn't really care.

The lock clicked open with an unnervingly loud sound. You pushed the door inward, bracing yourself for... well, anything. An explosion.

A dimensional rift. A genetically engineered creature with too many legs.

Smelled like someone who had forgotten to open a window in several days. The room was a disaster zone of brilliance. A controlled detonation of research. Books and notes on various different subjects were stacked in precarious towers. Wires and cables snaked across the floor like vines, connecting to glowing monitors displaying things you certainly didn't know about. Beakers filled with liquids of lurid colors sat on hot plates.

And there, in the eye of the hurricane, was its creator.

Agnes Tachyon was slumped over her massive desk, fast asleep. Her oversized lab coat, a garment that looked more like a wizard's robe on her tall, lanky frame, was bunched up around her shoulders. One arm was pillowed beneath her head, her brown horse ears twitching faintly at some phantom sound in her dreams. Her other hand was still curled loosely around a fountain pen, its tip resting perilously close to a fresh inkblot on a page dense with equations and frantic scribbles. Her chest rose and fell in a slow, deep rhythm, the only peaceful thing in the entire room.

The anger you'd so carefully nursed all day evaporated like ethanol in the sun, leaving only a profound sense of disappointment and a wave of overwhelming concern. You could see the dark circles under her closed eyes, the pale, drawn quality of her skin. She'd clearly run herself into the ground again, chasing some crazy theoretical to the detriment of her own well-being

You moved quietly through the maze of her research, your steps careful so as not to disturb a single vial. You stood over her for a moment, just watching the gentle rise and fall of her shoulders. With a soft sigh, you reached out, your smaller, human hand resting gently on her shoulder.

"Tachyon," you whispered, the name no longer a curse but a quiet, tired reprimand. "What am I going to do with you?"

You reached out, your hand hovering over her shoulder, intending to shake her awake. To scold her, to drag her to the cafeteria, to remind her that she was an athlete who needed to sleep and eat and, you know, train. But you stopped. This close, you could see the sheer detail in the notes spread before her. Diagrams of muscle fiber, chemical compounds you couldn't begin to parse, all circling some

crazy central thesis.

Your hand dropped. The lecture could wait. Though as if sensing your presence, her ears gave a more pronounced flick. A low murmur escaped her lips, a sleepy, slurred fragment of a dream. Her eyes fluttered, not yet opening, but stirring.

You gently placed a hand on her shoulder, the fabric of the lab coat surprisingly soft beneath your palm. "Tachyon," you said, your voice firmer now. "Hey. Wake up."

You gave her a light shake. She grumbled, a low, guttural sound from deep in her chest, and shifted, burying her face deeper into her arm. Her tail, which had been coiled neatly under her chair, gave a single, irritated flick, thumping against a metal cabinet with a dull clang.

"Tachyon. Get up."

This time, something registered. Her ears swiveled in your direction, twitching as if trying to pinpoint your exact location in space. Slowly, languidly, her head lifted from the desk. She blinked, her movements sluggish. And then those eyes, those impossible, unsettlingly dark red eyes, focused on you. There was no shine in them, no reflection of the room's dim light, just two pupils staring straight through you.

A slow smile spread across her lips, a stark contrast to her exhausted state. It didn't quite reach her eyes. "Why hello there, my guinea pig," she purred, her voice a low, gravelly hum from sleep. "You've entered the laboratory unannounced. Oh, now that you're here however—" She started to fumble for some device on her desk, her hand swatting blindly through a pile of papers.

The sheer audacity of it pulled at your patience just a little bit. "Don't you 'guinea pig' me. Do you have any idea what time it is? You missed the entire session for today. I was calling you, I was texting you. I thought you'd blown yourself up in here." You gestured around the room, at whatever, you didn't really know what they were. "Again."

Tachyon simply blinked at your outburst, her head tilted with an air of clinical curiosity. "Mm, I see. A minor miscalculation in my temporal awareness. I was merely cross-referencing some data on cellular regeneration and lost track of... well, everything, I suppose." She waved a dismissive hand, the oversized sleeve of her coat flopping comically. "It was just a bit of light research."

"Light research?" you repeated. "Tachyon, you've clearly been up all

night. You look like you're about to fall apart."

As if to prove your point, she tried to push herself up straighter in her chair and swayed dangerously, her eyes losing focus for a second. She gripped the edge of the desk to steady herself. It was then that a low, monstrous growl echoed through the room. Tachyon froze, her gaze darting around as if searching for the source of the sound. The growl came again, louder this time, unmistakably from her own midsection. A faint, almost imperceptible pink dusted her cheeks.

You crossed your arms, one eyebrow arched. "When was the last time you ate?"

She had the decency to look away, her gaze falling upon a some random point somewhere else in the room. "I... I consumed a nutrient paste yesterday morning. The caloric value was more than sufficient for what I had been busying myself with."

"Yesterday morning?" you sputtered. "Tachyon, that was over twenty-four hours ago. And nutrient paste...? I— nevermind." You let out an exasperated groan, pinching the bridge of your nose. "Stay right there. Don't touch anything."

You carefully picked your way through the scientific debris to a small kitchenette area that was somehow even more cluttered than the main room. After a brief excavation mission behind a stack of textbooks on theoretical physics, you found a relatively clean glass and filled it with water from a filter pitcher.

When you returned, she was staring intently at the inkblot on her desk, muttering to herself about fluid dynamics and viscosity. You pushed the glass into her line of sight.

"Drink."

She looked from the glass to your face, her expression unreadable. For a moment, you thought she might refuse, might launch into a lecture on the inefficiency of manual hydration. But then, her long, slender fingers, emerging from the cavern of her sleeve, wrapped around the glass. She brought it to her lips and drank, not just a sip, but the entire glass in one long, desperate pull. She set the glass down with a soft click, a droplet of water clinging to her bottom lip. She wiped it away with the back of her hand, her gaze a little clearer now.

"Better?" you asked, your voice softer now, the irritation entirely replaced by a familiar, weary concern.

"I suppose so, yes," she stated. "Satisfied?"

"No, I'm not satisfied," you retorted, taking the empty glass from her. "This is what I'm talking about, Tachyon. It's not just about missing a single practice. It's about this." You gestured at her, at the dark circles under her eyes, at the way her oversized coat seemed to swallow her exhausted frame.

"You want to find the limits of what an Umamusume can do, right? You want to push past every boundary? Well, you can't do that if you collapse from simple neglect. Your body... your legs, your lungs... they're the most advanced pieces of equipment you'll ever have. And you're treating them like they're disposable."

She fell silent, her gaze dropping back to her scattered notes. For a long moment, she just stared at the equations. You watched her, saw the slight downturn of her lips, the subtle tension in her shoulders. She looked less like a mad genius and more like a pouting child who had just been told to eat her vegetables.

"The flesh is... an irritatingly persistent variable," she murmured, her voice quiet. Then, her head snapped up, a flicker of that manic light returning to her red eyes. "However, its limitations provide fascinating problems to solve." A sly, knowing smile crept back onto her face. "Speaking of which, guinea pig, your arrival is quite fortuitous. Now that you've observed my depleted state firsthand, you'll be the perfect baseline subject for my new stamina-enhancing concoction. It's a simple dermal patch. We'll just need to monitor your vitals for the next twelve hours. So if I could just see your arm..."

"No," you cut in, your voice sharp and absolute, slicing through her scientific proposal before it could even fully form. "Absolutely not. We are not doing this. I am not your guinea pig today, and you are not conducting a single experiment until you've had at least eight hours of sleep. Sit down."

The sudden, unyielding authority in your tone seemed to genuinely surprise her. She froze, her long fingers still gesturing towards your arm. Her mouth, which had been open to continue her spiel, snapped shut. A slow, curious blink was her only response for a moment. Then, the corner of her lips twitched downwards into a magnificent, theatrical pout.

"How cold," she lamented, though her red eyes sparkled with a distinct lack of actual distress. "To stifle the very engine of progress before it

can even begin. You're being remarkably dominant today, Trainer. It's interesting." She settled back into her chair, not with defeat, but with the air of a zoologist observing a fascinating new behavior in a favorite subject.

You looked from her eyes to the chaotic room, then back to her. Any plans for a make-up training session, any thoughts of salvaging the day, died right there. It was pointless. She was a supercomputer running on a dying watch battery.

Your gaze flickered over to the corner of the room where her bed was supposed to be. It was less a place of rest and more an extension of her desk—a tangled heap of rumpled sheets, half-read textbooks splayed open, discarded clothes, and a truly alarming number of loose papers.

"This is unacceptable," you muttered, marching over to the disaster area. With a huff, you began gathering the books, stacking them in a slightly-less-precarious pile on the floor. You shook out the clothes—a spare racing uniform and a few sweaters—and folded them haphazardly, placing them on her desk chair. Tachyon simply watched, her head cocked to the side, a silent, analytical observer to your flurry of domestic activity.

"You're a genius, Tachyon, I know that. Nobody doubts that. But you're also a living, breathing creature. You wouldn't run experiments with dirty beakers and faulty wiring, so why are you treating your own body like it's an afterthought?"

You pulled the tangled sheets off the mattress, shaking out a shower of old notes and pen caps. It was impossible to tell if she was actually absorbing your words or just cataloging your cleaning methods for a future paper on human nesting habits.

"You want to find the limits? You want to see what's beyond the boundaries of possibility?" you continued, your voice slightly muffled as you wrestled the duvet back into its cover. "Then you need fuel. You need rest. You need to give yourself a chance to recover and rebuild. All this incredible research is pointless if you burn yourself out and end up in the infirmary before you can even test your theories on the track."

You finally managed to smooth the covers out, creating a small island of relative order in the sea of chaos. It looked inviting, even to you. You turned back to her, hands on your hips. She was still watching

you, a small, quiet smile playing on her lips.

"The logic is... sound," she conceded, her tone soft. "Though it is still entertaining to see you in such a rut over all of this."

You pointed a stern finger at her. "Bed. Now. I'll be back in a few hours, and if you're not here, I will drag you to the cafeteria myself. I mean it." You then noticed her lab coat. It was covered in various stains of unknown origin, and from this distance, you could see the fabric was stiff in places. An idea, born of pure frustration, sparked in your mind. "And give me that."

You walked over and, before she could protest, you began to help her out of the oversized coat. She was so tall that you had to stand on your toes to get it over her shoulders.

"My coat?" she asked, a hint of alarm in her voice. "That contains valuable trace samples of my experiment for—"

"It also contains what smells like last week's spilled nutrient paste, whatever the fuck that is," you retorted, wrestling the heavy garment from her. "It's a biohazard. I'm washing it."

With the coat finally off, she looked oddly vulnerable in just her sweater and shirt, her lanky frame more apparent. You folded the offending garment over your arm, holding it away from your body.

You walked back over to her, your patience worn thin. "Now, bed. Let's go."

You grabbed her by the upper arm. It was like gripping a pillar of warm, dense rock. The sheer size and solidity of her were always startling up close. You gave a firm tug. She stumbled to her feet, despite her frame towering over you as she allowed herself to be led, a placidly curious expression on her face.

With a languid grace that belied her exhaustion, she stretched, her arms reaching for the ceiling, before flopping onto the newly-made bed. She burrowed under the covers, a massive lump in the mattress, until only the top of her head and her twitching brown ears were visible. A moment of silence passed.

"Guinea pig," a muffled voice called from the blanket mound.

"What?" you asked, already turning to leave.

The blankets shifted, and she propped herself up on one elbow, fixing you with those intense red eyes. "You appear to be exhibiting signs of fatigue as well. Elevated respiratory rate, slight tremor in the extremities, a discernible slump in your posture. There's ample room for a second person," She patted the empty space beside her. "We could collect valuable data on comparative REM cycles or just... rest."

You just stared at her. At the stupid invitation. At the genuine, if bizarre, offer in her eyes. You looked at the comfortable bed, then down at the disgusting lab coat in your arms. Your own shoulders ached. Your eyes felt gritty with a lack of sleep, worn down from hours of worry and anger. The walk back to your office suddenly felt like a marathon.

A wave of utter, profound exhaustion washed over you, wiping away all sense of propriety.

"Just... move over a little more." you breathed out, the words barely a whisper.

Dropping the lab coat in a heap by the door, you kicked off your shoes. You walked over to the bed, pulled back the covers on the empty side, and slid in. The sheer size difference was immediate; you felt like an ant tucked in next to her. The mattress dipped significantly under her weight, causing you to roll slightly toward her.

You lay there, stiff and silent, staring up at the ceiling cluttered with what looked like a star chart made of glowing sticky notes.

"Interesting," Tachyon murmured from beside you, her voice already thick with sleep. "Perhaps there is more merit to this form of physical proximity than I originally thought."

Her voice trailed off into a soft, even breathing. A moment of quiet stillness passed, filled only by the low hum of her machinery and the soft rustle of the duvet. Then, you felt the bed shift again, a tectonic movement as Tachyon adjusted behind you. An arm snaked around your waist. It felt less like an embrace and more like a safety bar clicking into place. With an effortless, sleepy strength, she pulled you back against her.

Your back met the solid warmth of her chest. Your head was suddenly tucked into the space just below her chin, and you were completely enveloped. You were her trainer, a figure of supposed authority, and you had just been unceremoniously turned into a life-sized pillow.

Before you could formulate a response, you felt her other hand, large and surprisingly gentle, come to rest on your head. Long, cool fingers began to thread through your hair, a slow, rhythmic stroking motion from your crown down to the nape of your neck. Once. Twice.

Long, slender fingers, the same fingers that could probably calibrate a centrifuge to a thousandth of a revolution or scribble pages of incomprehensible equations, were now clumsily, sleepily stroking your head. The gesture was absent-minded, a gentle, repetitive motion. It wasn't romantic or even intentionally affectionate. It was the kind of soothing, reflexive petting one might give to a cat that had curled up on their lap.

A hysterical little laugh almost escaped you, but you managed to stifle it into a silent shake of your shoulders. You should be mortified. You should be scrambling out of this bed and running for the door, lab coat be damned. You were her trainer. There were boundaries, rules, a whole host of professional standards you were currently demolishing with every passing second.

But Tachyon was sleeping.

Really, truly sleeping. Not passed out from exhaustion at her desk, but properly resting. The tense line of her shoulders had softened. The tension you'd seen in her face earlier had vanished, smoothed away by the first tendrils of genuine sleep. Her breathing was deep and even, each exhale a soft puff of warm air against your hair.

She needed this. You'd spent the entire day worried sick, and now here was the proof she was okay, that she was finally getting the rest she so desperately required.

And maybe, just maybe, you needed it too.

So you stayed.

You let her hold you. You let her pet your hair like you were some kind of fluffy, living hot water bottle. You decided, in a moment of sublime, exhausted surrender, that this was a strategic decision. A tactical nap. It was for her health. It was for the sake of her racing career. It was, in its own way, part of your job.

And if, as you finally let your eyes drift shut, you leaned just a little deeper into her warmth, comforted by the heavy arm around you and the steady beat of a heart you could feel through your back... well, that was just another data point. One you'd keep entirely to yourself.

End Notes

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

<https://x.com/boaing737?s=21>

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